

# Trashmouth Says the Right Thing

*Trashmouth - I*

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## Trashmouth Says the Right Thing by royalworldtraveler

**Series:** [Trashmouth \[1\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** (of course), Aged-Up Character(s), Coffee Shops, Cussing, First Kiss, Flashbacks, Fluff, Idiots in Love, M/M, Some angst, just fluffy motherfuckers, no IT, so tiny you can barely see it

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-22

**Updated:** 2017-09-22

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 16:20:23

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,122

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Naturally, the first thing Richie would say to his newfound angel had to be right. It had to be perfect. He would be remembering how this conversation played out later that night, and the next, and the next, so he simply had to say the right thing to get this boy on Richie's humble hook.

"Is that a fucking fanny pack?"

# Trashmouth Says the Right Thing

## Author's Note:

written on a bus :)

beta'd by the lovely ian ferguson (don't read Ian's Cheesy Hands) and my father. much love.

characters belong to the one and only Stephen King.  
happy birthday, dude.

The first time Richie saw him again, Eddie was drowning in a maroon Harvard Law sweatshirt that had inconveniently been newly stained with coffee. The machine had been working fine until he drew the cup back too early, and a spurt of black startled the boy and ruined his sweater.

Richie had just stepped foot inside the quaintest coffee shop in Derry as it opened for the day. And his life did a 360 flip.

"*Shit*," Eddie hissed, reaching in front of the counter to grab a handful of napkins.

"That's what you get for not putting your apron on, newbie!" Beverly, the source of this taunt, walked out of the back room, black smock in hand, a wide smile on her freckle-spotted face. Eddie pinched the bridge of his nose, nodded, and strutted to the back room.

And, far too suddenly, Richie was thirteen again, and Eddie's ass was even more amazing than he recalled.

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They had met on the first day of seventh grade, being paired up as lab partners in their science class. The first thing Richie noticed about this boy was the fact that he was wearing - get this - a fucking *fanny pack*, complete with an ornate blue daisy accented into the corner. The second thing was somehow greater than the first - this kid had beautiful eyes. Big and brown, and when the light caught them just the right way, little flecks of gold shone brightly.

Coupled with mousy brown hair that threatened to curl behind his ears, and the most adorable up-turned nose, the whole scene was almost too much for Richie's exuberant thirteen-year-old body. Now, Richie wasn't one to give in to the whole God thing, but he thanked his lucky stars that whatever was out there had blessed him with that beautiful, beautiful boy.

Naturally, the first thing Richie would say to his newfound angel had to be right. It had to be perfect. He would be remembering how this conversation played out later that night, and the next, and the next, so he simply had to say the right thing to get this boy on Richie's humble hook.

"Is that a fucking fanny pack?" he blurted out. The tiny, obnoxious voice in his head screamed in terror.

*Well.*

"Yeah, wiseass, it's real popular with your mom," Eddie bit back. The hint of a smile was tugging at his lips, and Richie could have died on the spot.

Thus began the best school year of his life.

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Bev snapped peach-painted fingers far too close to his face. "Earth to Trashmouth," she coaxed, bringing Richie right out of his reverie. "The hell was that, Tozier?"

He looked behind her, confirming that, yes, Eddie was safely stowed in the back room, no doubt trying to get the stain out of his poor sweater.

Beverly, eyebrows raised almost comically, scoffed. "What's going on?"

"Is that Eddie Kaspbrak?" Richie whispered. For once in his life, he was unwilling to be as loud as possible.

"Eddie? Yeah, that's Eddie, why are you freaking-" Her face morphed into a clear image of understanding. "Oh, my God, I forgot about

that."

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Their friendship blossomed terribly fast. Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak saw each other every day. Exchanged quips, jabs, one-liners, you name it.

"Why, *deah* boy, you look simply *horrific* this aftahnoon," Richie said the day Eddie came to school sick. Although, no, Eddie didn't look horrific. He looked stunning, even now, with his reddened nose and rosy cheeks.

"Shut it, Tozier," Eddie sniffled. "Looked good enough for your sister last night."

On Valentine's Day, when, though they didn't realize it at the time, they were definitely each other's valentines.

"Hey, Eds, how does it feel to be alone on such a romantic, fucktastic holiday?"

"I don't see any chicks knocking on your door, Trashmouth, so shut it," he quipped. "And don't call me Eds."

Of course, one of his favorite memories was when he introduced Eddie to the rest of the Losers Club.

"Uh, hi," Eddie said softly, waving his little hand in greeting to the five kids before him. He looked particularly beautiful right then, Richie noticed, wearing his pretty peach button-up.

"Hey there, kid," Mike replied, looking down at him kindly.

Stan, curtly, "Hello."

"Beverly Marsh," Bev offered, smiling that dazzling smile of hers.

"I'm Ben," Ben followed, after a brief salute.

"It's n-nice to meet you, E-E-Eddie," Bill had said. "Richie's told us lots ab-about you."

Eddie's eyes shifted to his, and Richie suddenly felt hot in the face. "Has he really?"

"What? N-no!" Richie interjected. "Just, like, the normal amount. Not anything...weird, or anything."

"D-Damn, Rich, what's with the s-stutter?" Bill teased, and the rest of the children burst into laughter.

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"Yeah, Marsh. My big gay crush on my childhood best friend," Richie deadpanned. He brought his hand up to his mouth to physically stop the outpour of emotions threatening to spill.

"Just talk to him, Rich," she continued, bringing his hand down from his mouth with a firm grasp on his wrist.

"What the fuck, Bev, are you clinically insane?" he blabbed. His voice raised in pitch toward the end of his phrase. "Do you not remember how that whole thing ended up?"

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It was one of the colder days in March of '89 when Eddie Kasprak's mother announced that she was taking her son out of school.

"What the fuck do you *mean*, you're being homeschooled?" Richie exclaimed, his fist curled into the grass of their particular spot at the barrens.

"I mean to say that my ma is taking me out of school so she can teach me herself." His arms were drawn into a crossed position in front of his chest. "I can't believe it either."

"God, are you kidding?" Richie continued, his curly head of hair in his hands. "The hag just wants to control you even fucking more. You're barely out of that house as it is!"

Eddie sighed sharply, his chest swelling up from his position where he lay flat on his back. The wind blew some of his hair to the side, and Richie gazed down at the sight.

His heart wrenched at the thought of not seeing him at school. Hell, probably not ever again, with the way Eddie's mom was acting.

"I'm gonna miss you, you know," Eddie mumbled. Not a harsh comeback, not even a joke to lighten the mood, just an honest-to-god genuine remark. Then - Richie's heart sped up thinking about this, even now - Eddie shuffled back so that his head was resting in Richie's jean-clad lap.

Richie didn't stop himself from reaching out to brush Eddie's hair out of his face. Perhaps the quietest he had been in a while, "I'm gonna miss you, too. So much."

"Promise me we'll still hang out," Eddie replied. "Promise me."

As Eddie glanced up to meet his eyes, the second their eyes locked, Richie knew this was no crush. This was love.

He bit the inside of his lip. "Promise."

That was the last day he saw Eddie Kaspbrak.

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Until now.

"Yeah, Tozier, I know the story. You promised, and then you broke it," Beverly said. "But this is your chance to make things right! It's been, what, four years? And I'll bet real money that you never got over him."

She was right. Richie thought about calling him all the time, but there was always that nagging voice in the back of his head. It's too late. You missed your chance.

"It's too late. I missed my chance."

Bev opened her mouth, no doubt to protest further, when-

"Richie?"

Something in his chest shifted.

"Richie Tozier?" Eddie's voice had dropped. It was still just as sweet. "No fuckin' way."

Beverly gingerly stepped out to the left. "I'm...gonna go check on something. Outside. I'm gonna go check on the posters outside!"

She made her way out, her clunky boots echoing through the dimly-lit shop. The only other sound, Richie swore, was the quick pitter-patter of his heart.

Eddie had the faintest smile on his pretty face. "It's...been a while."

Richie chuckled nervously. "Try four years," he replied. And, well, shit, did that sound weird? "You've...grown."

"So have you," Eddie replied quickly. After a beat, he stepped around the counter until he was right in front of him. Hell, an arm's length away. Richie could grab him by the stained sweater and pull him in for a searing kiss if he wanted to.

Which, for the record, he wanted to.

Eddie was close enough, Richie knew, because he could see the golden flecks in his amber eyes, twinkling like he was a fucking Disney princess.

Eddie basically was a Disney princess, Richie thought. Tiny, though much taller than when they were kids, with his pretty face and soft brown hair-

"Why didn't you call?" Eddie asked. His brow furrowed, and Richie wanted nothing more than to kiss the little crease between his eyebrows away. He sounded so...sad. Fucking *distraught*.

Richie had done that to him.

His gaze dropping down so that he couldn't see through his glasses. "Shit."

"No, I just-" Eddie sighed, crossing his arms. It reminded Richie of that day all those years ago - that day at the barrens. The last day he saw him, until now, when he lay on his back with his tiny arms



crossed in front of his chest. He had been so sad back then, and here he was now. "I thought that meant more to you, I guess. That year." A beat. "That...that friendship."

Richie, though it never happened, remained silent. He swallowed in vain, dryness slipping down his tight throat, and tried to focus on not letting his eyes mist up. That couldn't happen. He wouldn't let it fucking-

"But that's okay," Eddie continued suddenly. His voice took on an air of lightness, as if what he had said wasn't killing Richie on the inside. "Silly of me to dwell on it for so long, isn't it, Tozier?"

Richie took a steadying breath.

Naturally, what he was going to say next had to be right. It had to be perfect. He would be remembering how this conversation played out later that night, and the next, and the next-

"Do you remember the first day we met?" Richie asked, not pausing to let him answer. "You were wearing a fucking fanny pack. The one with the little blue daisy on it, that carried your inhaler and all your meds all the way back in seventh grade. That's the first thing I fell in love with about you. The second was your eyes. And the little fucking gold specks in them that shine like you're a Disney princess.

"And that day when we were at the barrens - the day before you left school to hang out with your batshit crazy mom all day, that cold-as-balls day? I wanted to kiss you goodbye. I wanted to kiss you for, like, eight months or some shit like that, but I especially wanted to kiss you then. Like a proper goodbye kiss. One from the movies where the guy gets the Disney princess. And, *God*, Eds, I'm so fucking sorry for not calling you. I was scared. I was scared *shitless* of how much I liked you, and after a while, when I could deal with those feelings, I thought it was too late. Too late to apologize. Too late to tell you I love you. Because I do. I love you, Eddie Kaspbrak. I love you more than I've loved anything."

And then, as calmly as possible, Richie took a gigantic fucking breath. It felt like a breath after a long, cigarette-induced coughing fit. "Even more than I love your mom," he concluded.

The silence that ensued seemed to Richie like those four years they hadn't spoken, multiplied by sixty-nine.

*Well, dipshit, that was apparently the wrong thing to say.*

Those sparkly brown eyes locked on his, and, too late, Richie realized that Eddie motherfucking Kaspbrak was kissing him.

His lips were warm. Warm and soft, and they felt so damn nice against his that Richie was focusing on that for far too long before remembering that kissing is a two-way street.

He reciprocated, and Eddie grabbed onto his hoodie, and Richie cradled his face in his hands as delicately as fucking possible, and it was right. It was perfect. He would remember how this kiss played out later that night, and the next, and the next-

Eddie pulled away, a sigh leaving Richie's nearly swollen lips at the loss of contact.

"*Shit.*" Eddie laughed breathlessly. "*Shit*, Trashmouth, you finally said the right fucking thing."

And they laughed, because, four years later, Richie had gotten it right.

### **Author's Note:**

comments and kudos make my day, I shit you not.

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royalworldtraveler on tumblr.